



It Pays to Advertise in the Rising Son for it Reaches More Homes of Colored People than any other Paper in the State.

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HON. GARDNER LATHROP.

Who acted as Toastmaster at the Banquet.

Hon. Gardner Lathrop, the brilliant attorney who acted as toastmaster at the Warner banquet, in his opening remarks stated that he was like the Missouri Congressman on such an oc-



casional, he was too full "too utter." However, the noted Kansas Cityan was at his best and brought forth much applause. Mr. Lathrop is now general solicitor for the great Santa Fe system.

SENATOR WARNER.

Honored by the Republicans of the State of Missouri.

One of the most elaborate banquets ever witnessed in this city was tendered Senator Warner last Wednesday night at the Midland Hotel by the Republican party leaders of this state.

The occasion was one of special honor for the grand old leader who for more than a quarter of a century has figured as a leader in the Republican party. The attendance was very large and comprised many of the most noted leaders from the different sections of the state. The big banquet room was adorned in national colors, superbly arranged.



Hon. Gardner Lathrop acted as toastmaster for the occasion. Among the noted Republican leaders were: Thos. K. Neidringhaus, T. J. Akins, Jos. McCoy, Jno. H. Bothwell, Wm. L. Morsey, Cyrus P. Walbridge, Ex-Congressman Joy of St. Louis, David W. Hill, Frank Wightman, Jno. C. McKinley, A. C. Pettijohn and others. Mayor Neff made the address of welcome. Addresses were delivered by Representative E. C. Ellis, Thos. K. Neidringhaus, T. J. Akin, Gov. Hoch of Kansas, Senator Wm. Warner spoke upon National issues.

There is always a mystery about how the people next door live. Lots of people take offense when there is none in sight.

Edible Seaweed.

It is not a little astonishing to find what a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing, says The Lancet. Perhaps the best-known example in this country is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an alga. The laver made on the Devonshire coast and to be found in some London shops is excellent.

Hold Farm Since 1300.

Recently the stock was sold on a farm in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which had been held by a family named Moffat since the year 1300, when King Robert Bruce made a grant of the land to the Moffats. They held it for 300 years as owners, and the rest of the time as tenants of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Commit Sport by Proxy.

"Vandal," a well known writer on sports, said in a recent issue of the London Express: "The sports of this country are absolutely rotten—unsound to the core. This nation is no longer a nation of sportsmen. It is a nation of odds-taking people who commit sport by proxy."

Self-Winding Alarm Clock.

Joseph Blythe, a resident of Chester, Pa., has recently obtained a patent on a self-winding alarm clock, which is said to have several very novel features. The winding is done by electricity and when once set will ring every day at the same hour if desired.

Kipling as Critic.

Here is Rudyard Kipling's advice to an author who submitted a story for his criticism: "Tear out second chapter and scatter broadcast. Change name of hero and name of story; then get down to business and rewrite the whole thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

Black Rot in Cabbage.

Soaking the seed for fifteen minutes in a 1:1000 corrosive sublimate solution or in a 0.4 per cent formalin solution just before planting is suggested as a cheap and effective means of destroying the germs upon the seed.

Firemen Start a Blaze.

When the volunteer fire department of Tunbridge Wells, England, was on parade a spark from one of the engines set fire to a haystack, and the fire burned itself out, for the volunteers proved unable to extinguish it.

Many Schools in Hong Kong.

For its size Hong Kong has an enormous number of schools. The population of the island is about 330,000 and there are over 100 schools, the great majority of which are under government supervision.

Church in Farmyard.

Few more curious places for a church could be found than one at Sotuham Delabere, Eng., which stands in the middle of a farmyard. The only means of entrance is by passing through the yard.

Ill-Timed Wit.

"Did he leave you anything when he died?" I asked of the fatherless girl, who cried, "Oh, yes, he did." And I questioned her. "What was it?" "He left me an orphan, sir!"—Cleveland Leader.

Girls' Best Safeguard.

Let us teach our daughters that life is not only tennis and parties. Let us endow them with the best of insurance—a profession at their fingers' ends.—Woman.

Pills Cause Peritonitis.

Death from peritonitis, due to excessive taking of pills, was stated to be the cause of a woman's death at a Bristol (England) inquest.

British Railroads Well Manned.

American railroads have six employees for every mile of track and the British roads have twenty-eight.

Income of Oxford College.

The income of Oxford University is slightly under \$350,000 a year.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Daniel Jones, one of our oldest citizens, died October 29th near 80 years of age.

Miss Lillie Chrisman and Hattie Hughes have gone to Jefferson City to attend the Lincoln Institute.

Mr. W. G. Tucker spent the day in Pleasant Hill visiting his daughter, Mrs. Minnie Bryant, Sunday, Oct. 22.

Mrs. Martha Ross has gone to Topeka, Kan., where she will spend the winter with her daughters.

Mrs. Lucy Price and Miss Henrietta Hayden left for the annual conference in Higginsville, Saturday morning, October 21.

Misses Naomi Williams, Flossie Yarnell and Minnie Dehoney, who have been sick, are now able to be out again.

Rev. J. B. Winrow and Mrs. Mollie Rhodes are attending the Baptist National convention in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Millie Roselle is now visiting friends in this city.

Rev. J. C. Caldwell and wife of St. Joseph were the guest of Mrs. M. I. and Agnes Jenkins last week.

Rev. J. H. Allen and family are visiting friends in Higginsville, Mo.

LEXINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Norris and wife left here on the 26th for Kansas City, Kansas, where they will make their future home in their new residence they have just bought.

Mr. William Booker who has been quite ill is now better.

Mr. Ad Coley is quite ill; also Mr. A. W. Walker is on the sick list.

Rev. John Caves was in the city Saturday.

Mr. Reuben Hill one of our oldest citizens and best colored farmer is very ill. We hope he will recover soon.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The Clerk Whistled.

A Scotch minister instructed his clerk, who sat among the congregation during service, to give a low whistle if anything in her sermon appeared to be exaggerated. On hearing the minister say: "In those days there were snakes fifty feet long," the clerk gave a subdued whistle. "I should have said thirty feet," added the minister. Another whistle from the clerk. On consulting Thompson's Concordance," said the minister, "I see the length is twenty feet." Still another whistle; whereupon the preacher leaned over and said in a stage whisper: "Ye can whistle as much as ye like MasPherson, but I'll no take anither foot off for anybody!"

In Crimean Times.

In Crimean times (says the "Tattler") the Highland regiments were so full of Hibernians that many stories were current exploiting the fact. One gallant Scottish colonel, it was said, resolved to take the sense of the regiment on the vital question of adopting the plaid as an essential part of the uniform. When the orderly came to report the result, the colonel was scandalized to find that only two of his men favored the suggestion, "And who are there two gallant Highlanders?" he asked. "Ooch!" replied the orderly, "sure it's Corporal O'Brien an' Private O'Callaghan, sorr!"

The Color Line.

If, as is now claimed by an eastern individual, St. Peter is or was a colored man, the "white trash" will have a hard time getting past him, while the mere fact that "colored pussen" purloined a nice juicy hen while living in Denver will not be considered so serious as to bar him from the New Jerusalem.—Denver News.

Arranging His Toilet.

The king of gamblers sat alone With a mirror in his hand; One of his Fridays came along And took his watchful stand. "Why this mirror, O my king?" Thus did the Friday prate. "That I might see," the king replied, "If my lid is still on straight."—A. U. Mayfield, Denver News.

NOTICE!

The Inter-State Literary Association of Kansas and the West will convene in annual session at Kansas City, Mo., December 26, 27, 28.

Each Literary Society is entitled to representation by three delegates, (one of whom may have a place on the program), and three alternates.

New Societies, and those not having been enrolled at the last session of the Association, will be required to pay a membership fee of \$1.50. Societies enrolled at the last session will pay \$1.00 membership fee.

The Executive Committee will convene in November for the purpose of making up the program.

Any Society may become a member of the Association by application to the President or Corresponding Secretary on or before the first day of December, sending therewith the required fee.

JAS. H. GUY, President,
429 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.
I. M. HORTON, Chairman Ex. Com.,
1608 E. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.
MISS A. F. MOORE, Cor. Sec.,
1214 Vine St., Kansas City, Mo.

Skeletons in Trenches.

A curious discovery has been made in the course of some excavations that have been in progress in St. Martin de Re, in France. The excavators unearthed trenches in which lay skeletons which were presumably those of the citizens who fell fighting there in defending the town against the English in 1627. Among the skeletons was found a spherical iron bomb containing a most black powder, which was found to consist of about a third of nitre, a third of carbon, and a fifth of sulphur, the remainder being iron oxide derived from the rusting of the iron shell.

The Bear Dance.

Little Bobbie—Pa, I want to see another bear dance, like the one that came along the street last week. Papa—I don't know where to find it, son, but you run in and tell mamma that we will go down to the comic opera tonight and see the big ballet.—Kansas City Drovers Telegram.

Detroit Free Press: "Is it true that you have senatorial aspirations?" asked the reporter over the phone. "Yes," remarked the girl whose number had been called by mistake, "but I'm not sure that I can land him."

Puck: Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar. Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar!

The man in the brown stone palace may enjoy life after a fashion, but he misses the satisfaction of the humble cottager who can sit in the front yard in his shirt sleeves and talk over the fence with his neighbor.

Not a Doubter.

"I have you know, sir," said the pompous individual, "that I'm a self-made man." "Ah, indeed," rejoined the meek and lowly person, "I thought there was a home-made air about you."—Chicago News.

The Fad for Restitution.

Another embezzler who escaped to Mexico years ago is sending back the money to cover his defalcations and pay all his creditors. Is it possible this thing is to become a fad?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It's impossible for a man to see the point of a joke and feel it simultaneously.

A man is as old as he looks, but a woman is seldom as young as she thinks she looks.

Bessie, don't you want to stay in the parlor where your papa and Mr. Kawler are?

When All Others Fail.

Dispatches tell us that but for a heavy rain which set in just as the fire department had exhausted all its energy, Butte, Mont., would have been completely wiped from the map. Another evidence of the necessity of being in touch with providence.

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitant of Bingley.

It is rumored on reliable authority that Hen Wilson has left his wife again owing to some marital trouble between them. This is not the first time Hen and Sary Ann have had marital trouble. The last time before this Sary Ann struck Hen with a rolling pin above the left eye and he went out of the house and did not return for several weeks. Some says he went to the Co. seat and spent most of his time in a hospital. Finally he returned some a sadder and wiser man and Hen and Sary Ann made up again and started out together to try to live a different life with the dove of peace perched above their hearthstone, as you might say.

But now ruction swift and terrible has broken out in their midst again. We got this straight or we wouldn't say anything about it in print. Mrs. Wilson herself told Mrs. Caroline Hooper that Hen had left home followed by all the cooking utensils in the kitchen. Mrs. Hooper told it to ten Wade's wife and Ben Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told it to Mrs. Wilson.

Sary Ann has a quick temper and when she gets mad there seems to be nothing else to do but for Hen to dig out for a while and wait until the clouds roll by. What the trouble was this time was that Hen went right into the house like a dumb fool and set his self down on a new sofa pillow which Mrs. Wilson had just finished. Mrs. Wilson stated that Hen might think that sofa pillows were made to sit on, but he was mistaken. Hen's whereabouts is at present unknown.—"Bingley Bugle Items" in the Boston Post.

ARTIST MEET HER IDOL.

John Ruskin's Self Introduction to His Admirer.

The London Outlook tells a pretty story of the late John Ruskin, artist, author, reformer, which shows that courtly and chivalric gentleman and great writer in a playful mood:

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk down the road just in front of Brantwood, when he saw a lady seated on a camp stool making a sketch of the house, and, with a courteous grace which was intensely his own, he addressed her, inquiring her reason for choosing the house in question for her subject.

"It is the house of the famous John Ruskin," she frankly asked.

"Have you met Ruskin?" she was asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "If I had I would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life."

"Then, madam, if you care to follow me, I will show him to you."

In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and entering, bade his guest follow, which she readily did. On reaching the stranger into the drawing room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion: "Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"

From "The Giaour."

He who hath bent him over the dead Ere the first day of Death is fled, The first dark day of Nothingness, The last danger and distress, Before Decay's effacing fingers Have swept the lines where Beauty lingered, And marked the cold anemic air, The rapture of Repose that's there, The fixed yet tender traits that stroke The features of the placid cheek, And—but for that sad surrounded eye, That burn not when not weeps not now, But but for that chill changeless brow Where cold distrust's morbidly Appeals the gazing mourner's heart, As if to him it could impart, The doom he dreads, not dwells upon, Yes, but for these, and these alone, Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour, He still might doubt the Tyrant's power; So fair, so calm, so softly sealed, The first, last look by death revealed! Such is the aspect of this shroud, 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more! 'Tis calmly sweet, so deadly fair, 'Tis start for soul seems wanting there! Here is the loveliness in death, That parts not quite with parting breath; But beauty with that fearful bloom, That hue which haunts it to the tomb, Expression's last receding ray, A ghild Halo hovering round decay, The farewell beam of Feeling past away! Spark of that flame, perchance of heaven—ly birth, Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

—Lord Byron.

LILLIAN BUYS HER OWN TICKETS

How She Made a Speculator Look Very Small.

Lillian Russell Saturday took matters into her own hands to solve the problem of the ticket speculator. At 2 o'clock she whizzed up to the front of Proctor's Twenty-third Street theater and, as she alighted from the car, the most persistent of the speculators sidled up to her and thrusting a bunch of tickets upon her, said:

"I've the last twenty good seats in the house. Give you the best two for \$3. Can't get any at the box office."

Miss Russell took the bunch of tickets as if to look them over and makes her selection and walked rapidly toward the box office. The speculator, who had never had any tickets taken from him before by prospective purchasers, pressed close upon her loudly demanding a return of his tickets. Miss Russell stepped to the window and handing the twenty tickets to the treasurer, said:

"Here are twenty 50-cent seats. This speculator tried to sell two of them to me at \$1.50 apiece. Give him \$10 for them," and with a smile entered the theater and proceeded to her dressing room.

The speculator frothed at the mouth. He demanded his tickets back, but the treasurer, standing upon the legal rights of theatrical managers established in the courts to the effect that tickets are not transferable and that they have the right to revoke the entrance and return the money for those transferred to persons offensive to the management, refused.

"I bought those tickets from you," roared the speculator.

"You certainly did not," said the box office man. "I have never sold a ticket to you and never will. I know you too well. You have been thrown out of this lobby a dozen times within the last week. Those tickets were bought by other people, whom you sent here. They were transferred to you by those people. There is your \$10. Now get out, or I will have you thrown out."

The speculator made his escape.—New York Commercial.

FINE FLOUR.

The Rising Son takes pleasure in commending to the highest the Kelly flour which has been used extensively by one of its managers who has established a restaurant in this city. This recommendation is made from experience. All grocers would do well to keep the flour produced by the Kelly Milling Company.

THE JONES DRY GOODS COMPANY TO OCCUPY THE ENTIRE BLOCK.

By the signing of a 99-year lease the Jones Dry Goods company and L. M. Jones and J. L. Jones together, came into control of all of the block between Walnut and Main streets and Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, except only the Chapman building at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Walnut. The Jones brothers through a realty corporation control all that is not now occupied by the Jones Dry Goods company.

This is the largest area under a single control in the retail business district in Kansas City. Manufacturing concerns, packing houses, stock yards and the like have large holdings, but no merchandising concern comes near controlling as many feet of valuable property. The frontage on Main street is 450 feet and the frontage on Walnut street 400 feet. While the Jones brothers hope that that some day the big white store may need all of the ground, they are not going to attempt to cover it immediately.

Miss Lovey—I'm quite positive that he loves me deeply. Miss Wise—How do you know? Miss Lovey—Oh, I can tell by the sighs when he—Miss Wise—My dear girl, you can't gauge the depth of a man's love by its sighs.—Philadelphia Press.